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NO HUMBUG!

About the most effective comment on the politics of the last presidential campaign was written by George Harvey of Harper's Weekly, who announced his campaign slogan in two words: "No Humbug!" We commend the same platform to the citizens of Salt Lake for their municipal campaign this fall because the opening days indicate an unusual amount of political humbug in some directions.

To begin with, the American party called a meeting of "business men" this past week and a number of real business men, misled by the wording of the invitation, attended on the supposition that it was a conference on business matters affecting some departmen of municipal administration. When they got there, they found it was a scheme to get them committed to the policy of the American party, to contribute to its depleted treasury and to forward a policy that is doing immeasurable harm to the business interests of the city. There was no sound reason why the call for this meeting should not have set forth its real objects openly, or why the meeting should have been held behind closed doors if the promoters really meant to help the business interests of the city. The secrecy and the deception of the invitation were part of a humbug policy founded on personal disappointment and a desire for revenge. The business welfare of the city had no part in the considerations which led to the meeting and the men chiefly interested knew it.

Another thing: The American party is presumably fighting for a principle. A good many sincere Salt Lakers, including church members, believe that any movement designed to get the Mormon church as an organization out of politics deserves to succeed. They believe, too, that the church as a church, should retire from enterprises calculated to injure individual business and prevent the initiation of new undertakings by capital which is now restrained by the fear of church competition. But a very large majority of the believers in the evils of church politics and church business activities are unwilling to endorse a movement which announces daily to the world that Utah is unfit to live in, that life and property are unsafe here, that no business enterprise can succeed unless backed by the Mormon church, and that the citizenship of the state is a body of lawbreakers, disloyal to the government, inimical to its institutions and at war with the non-Mormon citizens of the state.

* * *

Ostensibly the aim of the American party is to reclaim the state from church interference in politics and business. To a practical observer anxious to see the church out of politics the policy so far adopted by the American party seems the very plan certain to perpetuate church political interference and least adapted to shake its power over its followers. Unless human nature in Utah differs entirely from human nature elsewhere, the Mormon people will be strengthened in their solidarity by constant attacks on their leaders and on their faith. No Catholic or Methodist or Presbyterian would abandon his church or weaken in his loyalty under such promiscuous vituperation as is being launched at the Mormons of Utah. To put it even more clearly, imagine the attitude of a Catholic toward a party that daily pictured the pope as an enemy to all that is good or true or right in government and the futility of such a policy toward the dominant church in Utah can be imagined.

* * *

The one factor that could weaken the political power of the church leaders here is desirable immigration—and the American party by its organ has been doing everything in its power to discourage a possible influx of newcomers. Not only is this true, but the new capital that might be potent in the development of enterprises in which the church has no part, has been warned to stay away, and the possibility of a greater city and state, a broader political life and a more profitable business field is being deferred as much as possible.

The Herald has no word of condemnation strong enough for the high church officials who utilize their ecclesiastical power for personal and political purposes. It has said repeatedly that Apostle Smoot's election to the United States senate was a blunder that would work irreparable injury to the church and the state. Before his election and immediately after his announcement of his candidacy this paper predicted the evils which have befallen. On the other hand, The Herald has no sympathy for indiscriminate abuse of the Mormon people, for malicious misrepresentation of their religion or for the blind, unreasoning rage which hesitates at no injury to the best interests of the state or the city in the hope of hurting the church.

It believes, further, that in spite of the attacks constantly made on the state's morality, its good faith with the nations its protection of life and property, that Utah and Salt Lake City are rapidly growing greater in every phase of activity. The talk about the church ruining business is the baldest kind of humbug, for there has been no time in its history when business was as good or the promise for future business so bright. If it were not for the kind of advertising such press agents as Mrs. Schoff are giving Utah, it would be going ahead more rapidly than any state in the Union, and nothing could prevent Salt Lake from breaking all records for phenomenal growth.

* * *

The city is being modernized—against the protest of the American party. It is being paved and given sidewalks—and the American party abuses the administration doing the work. It is getting the finest water supply in the country—and the representatives of the American party are doing their best to prevent the consummation of the plans. Boiled down, the policy of the party so far enunciated by its chief organ is: No new population; no improvements; no water; no Mormons, and no truth about anything. In spite of the fact that some few honest men approve, it's a platform of humbug founded on personal disappointment and revenge, promoted by malice and resulting only in injury to every resident of this city and state, Mormon and non-Mormon.

THE TONOPAH LINE.

If any further evidence were needed that the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railway is an independent line it may be found in the fact that articles of incorporation for the Las Vegas & Tonopah railway were filed in Salt Lake Friday. The new corporation is owned by the same men who control the San Pedro. The Tonopah line is to be built as a feeder to the San Pedro to compete with another road which irresponsible rumors have made to control the San Pedro.

The value of the Tonopah line to Salt Lake is readily apparent. The purpose of the corporation is to build a railroad from Las Vegas through the Goldfield and Bullfrog mining country to Tonopah. Salt Lake should get a big share of a business that it does not touch now, and the new road will be responsible for it. All of the supplies for the Goldfield, Tonopah and Bullfrog camps, most of the mining machinery and other articles that are needed there every day and in large quantities, are shipped in now from San Francisco.

With the Las Vegas & Tonopah road in operation Salt Lake and Los Angeles will divide the business in this territory. A more direct route to the new territory from both Salt Lake and Los Angeles will be afforded, and it will be a distinct gain to the miners and business men to trade with us. It will be said that, as Los Angeles will be closer to Tonopah than Salt Lake, the former city will get the bulk of the business.

This is not necessarily true of any line, and in some lines it is out of the question. Salt Lake will be the natural smelter point for Goldfield, Tonopah and Bullfrog. It will be the natural mining machinery and mining supplies point. Here they will buy their coal and their grain. And in other lines, such as groceries, dry goods and the like, we can get our share of the business by making a hard try for it. If we don't try we are not entitled to the business.

We commend the enterprise of the people of Logan who are so generously backing the Cache County Commercial club in the raising of funds with which to replace the destroyed mechanical arts building at the Agricultural college. It is announced that the structure will be ready by Nov. 1, and if that isn't going some we don't know the meaning of the expression.

The secret is out. A playwright makes one of his characters say the reason the Japanese fight so well is because they are tanned Irish. And he adds that the mikado was originally called Mike McAdoo. This explains everything. Seems strange nobody thought of it before.

It is too much to hope that the consciences of the members of the Arkansas mob that strung up the wrong negro recently will hurt them. The main regret will probably be because the work will all have to be done over again.

At the rate the political pot is boiling already it is certain that somebody is going to be badly scalded long before the broth is finished.

The big life insurance companies still cling to the front page. Likewise the directors cling to the cash.

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

"The act of the United States binds her closer to the Old World."—Kaiser Wilhelm.

The divers types of blood and race;
Our noblest, yea our meanest trait,
To Europe's nurseries we trace.
We're to the Old World bound by fate:
Her modes are ours; her every tongue:
Her gems of thought; her lyrics grand;
Her faiths are held, her numbers sung—
Aye, Europe is our cradleland.

The Old World's victories are ours,
And her adversities; we won
An empire with the Allied Powers,
And lost it with Napoleon.
Were Satan to be buffeted,
Or kings exalted, or discrowned;
Where duty called or glory led
Our common ancestry was found.

Our land a century and more
Has proved the goal for refugees;
For wanderers from every shore,
And criminals of all degrees;
For paupers, impecunious lords,
For anarchist with gory hand;
O, multifarious are the cords
That bind us to the Fatherland.

Though blood is thick, a subtler tie
Than ever scientist may trace,
Holds us in bonds of sympathy
With the oppressed of every race.
O, wretched pawn—the sport of fate—
Ye seek in war a glorious name,
But serve as henchman for the great,
Who basely rob ye of your fame.

When mad with thirst for spoil and power
The nations' fiery swords are crossed;
With kings and creatures of the hour
In battle's fiendish maelstrom tossed;
O, Western World, so brave and true,
Arise and bid the carnage cease;
A mighty force in brain and thew,
Be ye a giant, too, in peace.

N. ALBERT SHERMAN.
Salt Lake City, September, 1905.

Watering Place.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"What and where is Cowes?"
"Cowes is a well known watering place."
"There, I knew it."
"What?"
"Why, I asked our milkman where in the world he got that milk and he said from Cowes."

"Zira" Proves a New York Success.

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, Sept. 22.—The play that is nearest to new in Broadway this week, "Zira," is a version of "The New Magdalen," but in a way the source of it, or at least the cause, is "Mrs. Dana's Defense." When Margaret Anglin had convinced herself and some others that she was a Clara Morris over again for emotional acting, she came from Canada to New York by the way of London, where she bought the American right to use "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." But none of our managers would take her with it; so very reluctantly she let Ada Rehan have it, and unlucky Ada wasted a fortnight and some money on the purchase. Margaret was sorry to go into "Mrs. Dane's Defense" instead—sorry until the morning after her debut, when the newspapers told her how surely she had triumphed. Her character was an adventuress who stole a dead woman's identity, substituted it for her own and passed over from bad society to good. The drama was remarkable for a long dialogue between the false pretender and a lawyer, whose cross-questioning drove her to a confession of her crime. Yet Mrs. Dane got the sympathy of the audience, as Miss Anglin pleaded in her defense.

* * *

Those are the reasons why Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manners thought it wise to put together for Margaret Anglin a drama out of "The New Magdalen," with much resemblance to "Mrs. Dane's Defense." But Miss Anglin doesn't like to enact Magdalens, and so the woman in "Zira" hasn't been a social outcast like Collins' Mercy Merrick and Jones' Mrs. Dane, but the victim of a mock marriage, smirched yet clean. We first see Zira, as we did Mercy, a nurse on a battlefield—in Africa this time, not France—where she steals the name, clothes and papers of a supposedly dead English girl. There is no great deviation from the Collins story, for the rightful claimant of the stolen personality is beaten at every point by the thief—until the emotional criminal makes a confession to a keen and obdurate questioner, as Mrs. Dane did. But Zira, like Mercy again, is loved and married by the man who exposes her infamy.

This amalgamation has been rewritten since last season's trial performances in Buffalo, Salt Lake and San Francisco; but it still is emphatically an actors' play, more theatrically clever than humanly strong; and the cleaning of the heroine's record obliterates black marks with with ones that are indistinct. But Margaret Anglin truly is a Clara Morris for emotional acting, and her genius empowers "Zira" to be more potent than the stage version of "The New Magdalen" that is familiar, although less so than "Mrs. Dane's Defense." And the play serves to send off, on what is likelier than not to be a fine career, a stock company located here by the Shuberts and Henry Miller.

* * *

Daniel Hart has an Irish name, and maybe he has an Irish notion of a joke, which would account for his calling his new play "Marching Through Georgia," when no one in it is seen marching through any state at all. Some of us went off Broadway on Monday night to see that war drama, and others of us went away from the electro-lit thoroughfare to see the Russell brothers in "The Great Jewel Mystery," for the partly new "Zira" wasn't brought out until Thursday, and in the meanwhile the only theatrical occasion of the week was the renewal of "Adrea" on Wednesday with Louise Leslie Carter. As this correspondence is restricted, by order of The Herald, to novelties on the New York stage, Mrs. Carter's return in "Adrea" is a forbidden subject.

* * *

The theatre in which "Marching Through Georgia" is presented has a gallery that bulges and burgeons with very disrespectful boys, and they didn't let us hear nearly all of the play, which is a meritorious melodrama of a conventional sort. Its hero is a northern soldier wounded almost to death in the civil war, the heroine is a southern girl who nurses him back to life, and the course of their true love is roughened awfully by their adherence to the Union and disunion causes. But, although the tune that has made a melody of Sherman's march is played several times, and the invasion of Georgia is behind the action, we got no sight of a marching army. The third act is played in a room with windows from ceiling to floor, and we theatrical sharps said to one another that a score of soldiers were going to pass by, over and over again, in the way that Wallack used to make a corporal's guard look like a regiment in "Ours."

"Why, do you know," an old fellow said, "Wallack sent twenty supers past the windows two or three times; then just as we began to identify them as repeaters, he'd have the whiskers grabbed off some of 'em and clapped on others; and finally, to confound our eyes, he'd have the tall ones crouch and the short ones walk tiptoe."

But there was no marching of any sort in "Marching Through Georgia;" and I think that the gallery, expecting something as rousingly martial as the Sheridan's ride in "Shenandoah," felt resentful because nobody kept step to the familiar war tune. Anyway, the gods above behaved like devils below. They tortured Willette Kershaw fiendishly. Miss Kershaw, a stranger in New York, acted the heroine delightfully. She must have come from somewhere in the south, for she had that delicious southern accent which the elocutionists can't counterfeit, and in every way she was the ideal girl rebel of '61 to '65. Nevertheless, while the parquette loved her, the gallery cheeweeped and yum-yummed when she killed the hero, laughed when she wept before a portrait of her slain father and drowned her emotional utterances in her best scene with derisive outeries. Other players were treated as badly, but they were not delicate, sensitive creatures. Probably Miss Kershaw was forewarned of the tortures that off-Broadway imps, when the humor seizes them, inflict on stage folks, for she endured it without a quiver of pain, and here's hoping she will be rewarded some time by Broadway distinction.

* * *

If Mark Swan had not written "The Great Jewel Mystery" well, its first time in New York would have been a very bad time. His job had been to put the Russell brothers' Irish chambermaids as funnily into a three-hour melodrama as they had ever been in a half-hour farce. And he had given especial care to Jimmy Russell, who is the Russell that shrieks that "the iceman has came" and that "the cow's in the hammock." But fate had that day given that highly essential Russell, of all the four Russells in the company, a swat on the nose, and it bled so long and hard that he had to turn his professional petticoats over to a nephew. And his eccentricities couldn't be transferred with the costume. Now, Jimmy Russell is a pet of our smart set and a dozen carriages rolled over from Fifth avenue to Eighth to have him make their occupants laugh. They got there early enough to hear the first familiar screech for Maggie Grabbenheimer, but it came from Jimmy's understudy ineffectually, and the modish slummers quit at the end of the act. They cared nothing for the play's excellence without Jimmy.

With Jimmy in his place, the rough farce imbedded in slap-dash melodrama causes convulsions. The Russells play detectives disguised as chambermaids in a hotel to trace some jewels that one guest has stolen from another. In the course of the search, the Jimmy chambermaid loses her frock to a sneak-thief. Bear in mind what a ludicrous caricature of a woman Jimmie makes and you will realize the fun of him as, leaning out through the doorway of an adjoining room in corset and chemise, he yells for the piano cover, the tablecloth and the lamp shade. They are thrown to him and he comes out wearing them for a shawl, a skirt and a hat. That is a kind of foolery that Jimmy can deliver and the nephew couldn't.

* * *

A lull in the issue of dramatic plays in Broadway gives time to look at oddities in extravaganzas. One of the new things is the way in which Lulu Glaser is proclaimed before her entrance in "Dolly Dollars." Carter de Haven, a small young man, as ugly as a devil and who dances like a devil gone daft, leads in an octette of singing chorus girls, of the pony ballet size, and comely enough to look pretty by contrast with him. Four of them are dressed as Eton schoolboys, the high hats balanced on their fluffy heads, the short jackets drawn tightly around their narrow waists, and the trousers curved wide with femininity. The other four are rustic maidens in idealized sunbonnets and coquettish petticoats. De Haven has had them with him several seasons in vaudeville, and so they sing and dance with him in nimble unison. They have a new song and therein lies their special service to Lulu Glaser—a ditty setting forth the lovely audacities of an American heiress. The adjectives are alliterative with the wondrous creature's name, which is Dolly Dollars, of course—dainty, daring, delightful, delicious, distracting, devilish, everything that the author could think of beginning with a D, until you are convinced that she is the d—— well, the deucedest of all darlings. Think of the announcement that is thus made of the actress; When, a minute later, there is a stage full of commotion, with everybody criss-crossing the scene, looking expectantly off L U, making ecstatic outcries of welcome and opening a passage down C, we know that Dolly Lulu Dollars Glaser is due to arrive in all possible splendor.

Dolly Lulu comes in an automobile, of course. Motor cars roll the principal characters into eleven of the plays in town this week, sometimes seriously, often funnily, and in this case for both admiration and hilarity. Dolly Lulu is the handsome occupant of a machine that had forty horse-power, but has lost it by the wayside, and is now hauled by one poor old horse. The actress springs out, sings pleasantly of the pleasures and penalties of outoing and the show is started with a gay whirl.

* * *

Max and Gus Rogers ride into the McNally show, "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland," in a donkey cart. The donkey has extra long ears, the cart is a ramshackle of two wheels and an axletree and the absurd outfit is such as carriers use on Irish roads. Max (or is it Gus?) stands up and drives, while Gus (or is it Max?) is the load lying limp, and both are thrown off among spalpeens and colleens, who are welting the old sod to the music of a real Irishman's bagpipes. A prettier entry is given to Corinne, the ugly but talented chief colleen, for she has a smart jaunting car, drawn by a prancing horse and laden with pretty girls.

* * *

Makers of extravaganzas are expected to provide new songs not only, but new ways of illustration. It doesn't matter that Miss Glaser takes her show girls to Paris and the Rogerses take theirs to Killarney, each party lets itself go like true American soubrettes in negro melody and march. But there are more original devices of feminine exhibition in both plays. "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland" has its pony ballet, inevitably—eight smallish young women who dance with the exactness of clockwork, and with a violent activity indicating that the works in the clock have gone wild. They sing about their first ride on a railway, with choo-choo and kerchug, and then in a single file they imitate the movements of a train of cars. For an encore each tourist gets into her trunk and shuts the lid. Their voices come out muffled, like a ventriloquist's when he shuts his manakin in a box, for a repetition of half of the chorus. Suddenly the trunks become engine and coaches, with eight roguish faces in eight windows, and the train passes away.

* * *

The oddest other Rogers display of girls makes the climax of an act. The whole ballet chorus is used in a ballad extoling the shamrocks of Erin. Every white-clad girl carries a parasol like a shillaah, but at the chorus she opens it wide and white and hides behind it. Four rows of the parasols, one above another, make a screen across the stage, and then in the small space left open at every junction of four parasols the head of a singing and grinning girl appears. Variegated lights and colors are thrown on this surface of parasols and faces, and the night is like a kaleidoscope with an amiable visage on each piece of glass.

* * *

Two ingenious sights are fitted into the theme of "Dolly Dollars." The jolly American heiress is hunted matrimonially by eight noblemen of as many foreign nations, all of whom she scorns, and by one lord, whom she favors, while pretending not to. The nine rejected suitors hold a conference in polyglot dialect, and they are an eccentric lot, except the tenor lord.

"A woman is only a woman," the lord quotes from Kipling, "but a good cigar is a smoke."

He passes his cigar case around the semi-circle of complainers and sings to them of the solace of tobacco. This is in a dim garden, the verses and music are somnific. The smoke rises in the faint moonlight, specked with the tips of fire, and for the moment you feel as though a good cigar really might make you forget your love of an unwilling woman.

* * *

The other ingeniously delivered song in this Smith and Herbert piece is sung by the tantalizing Dolly Dollars to the pestering eight wooers, who have formed a club, pooled their interests and followed her to Paris, where they dangle around her at a carnival. Thereupon she warbles to them a fable of some foolish moths and a disdainful moon. During the first chorus the octette of pony-women trip around the men and wave their fans like the wings of moths with a pretty effect. But the ensuing refrains are rendered spectacular. All light on the stage is extinguished and from a projectoscope in the gallery a fitfully shifting illumination is thrown on the women as they shed out their draperies like wings of moths that have become big butterflies. They flit to and fro, and around about, while Dolly, in the center, with her floating gown illuminated by a calcium from below, stands very pictorially for the flame that will singe the silly lovers.

* * *

Is there no fun in these two shows? Lots of it, but not fit to print; for I hold that jokes that won't stand cold type are indecently bad. Here are specimens which made the audience writhe and yell when spoken by clever comedians, and you may try whether they more than make you smile in the reading:

Dolly Dollars' English lover says proudly: "The sun never sets on British soil," and Miss Glaser retorts, "Any hen can claim as much of her son."

One Rogers asks the other, "Is there anything else you might have read?" and the reply is, "I might have red whiskers if I didn't shave."

"KEEP THE BALL ROLLING."

To The Salt Lake Herald:

Apropos of your article in Friday's paper, what has become of our "Clean City Clubs"? Did they die of overexertion, or are they just sleeping? It surely was not old age that took them off, if they are gone. They were so profusing in their ambitious youth, and there was such a vast field for them to operate in—was, did I say? Is, is what I mean; for of this fact we are constantly reminded as we pick our way along our debris-strewn streets.

I live directly opposite one of our large schools, and at the left of the front door stands a large receptacle for garbage, but the pupils go directly across the street, sit upon the neighbors' lawn, eat their luncheon and scatter the refuse promiscuously about for these same neighbors to gather up and burn that their surroundings may be clean and sightly. This school is no exception, for I find the same rule prevails throughout the city—great heaps of rubbish accumulating about the fences, ditches, etc., for a block around each school.

Another feature of considerable importance are the surroundings about our City and County building. Inside the immediate square is immaculate cleanliness, but as you pass along, the thought comes that the cleanliness might extend across the sidewalk and into the ditches, especially as this is the very center of law, order and cleanliness.

Something needs to be done to awaken people to the real situation. Our health physician has done much, but he needs the hearty co-operation of every man, woman and child in this city. Teach your children, oh, fathers and mothers, to take care of their own immediate dirt; that the receptacles provided for waste paper, boxes, banana skins and orange peel—in fact, everything in the shape of refuse should be placed in the garbage receptacle, where it belongs.

Let everybody follow this rule and our city's sanitary condition will be much improved.

I am told that there is an ordinance to the effect that all property owners must keep their sidewalks clean in front of their property. Let us enforce this ordinance and we will have less typhoid fever. If the man at the head of our sanitary department is not equal to the demands made upon him, then put a good, wide awake home-maker at the wheel—one who will see that all is made clean from the back fence to the front ditch, and kept clean. Let it be one who does not live in a palace, and supposes his servants sweep the dirt out for others to contend with.

I believe that back of all man's good work is a good woman. And right here is a grand field for our good women to work in a profitable way. Every time filth is thrown into our streets it is ground up and thrown back into our teeth, as it were—not to stay there, but to pass on into our very being, contaminating all our vital forces, where all might have been well had we remembered heretofore that "Godliness is next to cleanliness."

L. E. A. L.

1893.

Salt Lake Tribune, on the International Concert held in Salt Lake Tabernacle in August, 1893:

"Little Judith Anderson retained the good will of the people which she has won on the former nights, and is undoubtedly one of the sweetest little 7-year-old girls that ever trod the boards. She was recalled twice last night and got two lovely boquets.

BIKUBEN—Her voice was so clear and beautiful, and her appearance so innocent and unconcerned that she won everybody's heart.

DESERET NEWS—Among the soloists who succeeded in gaining the warmth of the audience was Miss Judith Anderson, a sweet little child of 7 years, who sang her song so well that a repetition was asked.

1894.

The Concert in Thatcher Opera House, Logan, August 25, 1894.

LOGAN NATION—Little Miss Judith Anderson was immense. Her voice is powerful and filled the house; the words were clear and distinct.

LOGAN JOURNAL— * * * and especially so in the instance of little Judith Anderson, the child vocalist, whose voice filled the house and inspired the hearers with wonder and admiration.

The singing contest in Salt Lake Tabernacle February 22, 1894. The contestants were seventeen in number, the song being "Love's Sorrow."

SALT LAKE HERALD—The first prize for the vocal solo was awarded to Judith Anderson.

KORRESPONDENTEN—The first prize for solo singing was awarded to Judith Anderson * * * Little Miss A. has often charmed us with her songs, which she sings with a firmness and clearness of voice that would make an older singer envy her. * * * Her victory is all the more conspicuous because she was the youngest of all the contestants.

1899.

Grand Musical Festival in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, April 8th.

DESERET NEWS—* * * A decided hit was made by another young singer, Miss Judith Anderson, whose voice as a contralto is as remarkable as Nannie Tout's as a soprano.

SALT LAKE TRIBUNE—Miss Judith Anderson, the child contralto, gave "A Dream," by Bartlett. Miss Judith has a deep, rich voice, which gives promise of great success.

1903.

GERMAN TIMES, Berlin—A young American student, Miss Judith Anderson of Salt Lake City, a pupil of Maiame Blanche Corelli, sang for the first time in Berlin, and created a fine impression.

BERLINGER MORGEN POST—Miss Judith Anderson, an American singer, was heard in her selection from "Samson et Delila." Her voice is a beautiful contralto and has a fine range.

BERLINGER TAGEBLATT—Miss Judith Anderson from America sang. Her voice is contralto of a beautiful soft and velvety quality. The singer made a good impression.

VORRSICHE ZEITUNG—Miss Judith Anderson sang "Grossartig."

Prima Donna Madame Lilli Lehman said: "Miss Anderson has a beautiful voice, and it was a great pleasure to listen to her singing."

NEW YORK WORLD, July 8, 1905—Miss Anderson is said by many musical critics to possess a remarkable voice. It is a full contralto that is both powerful and sweet.